

Abelard to Eloisa,

In Answer to

Mr. Pope's fine Piece

OF

Eloisa to Abelard.

Discreet
By J--D-- T. C. D.

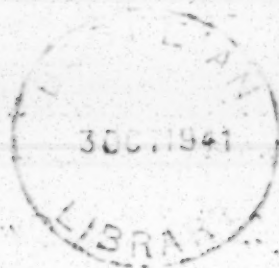
*Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub Umbra
Flet Noctem ramoque sedens, miserabile Car-*
men,

Integrat, & mæstis latè Loca Questibus implet.
VIRGIL GEORG.



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P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

I Doubt not in the least, but some will think it absurd to write a Preface to so small a Piece as this Letter shews it self to be: I confess they may be so far in the right; But however, I must make my self understood so as to avoid those Censures that may otherwise be thrown upon me for writing it. In the first Place, it was not Publish'd with a Design to rival any thing of this Nature that went before it: Every Person that has read Mr. Pope's justly admired Piece, are convinced that it has Beauties scarce to be imitated, much less transcended. 'Tis built upon a Story undoubtedly true, the Circumstances happ'ning in the twelfth Century and deliver'd down to us by Authors of reputed Veracity. All that have heard them join in Pity to deplore so moving a Relation. Abelard and Eloisa by all Accounts were two of the most distinguish'd Persons in the Age they liv'd in for natural and refin'd Parts, early they tasted the forbidden Fruit and as early suf-

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fer'd for it. He was pitch'd upon by her Uncle who was an Abbot in France to be her Preceptor in Philosophy; by which means this unlucky Passion first took its rise, that was to cost them so many Tears afterwards. The Liberties of an unconfin'd Conversation serv'd only to blow it higher: Two of the most beautiful Persons in that Age could not behold each other long with the Eyes of Insensibility; They lov'd and indulg'd their mutual Wishes, and one Evening when all they thought was safe, all private, all secure, the Abbot who had suspected them a good while before, bounc'd into the Room and seiz'd them in the very Fact. O who can describe the Surprize in each of their Faces, Eloisa was hurried away that Instant from his Sight, never to behold her more but in a Convent; and the unhappy Abelard was soon deprived forcibly of the Means of ever tasting those Joys again, by the hands of Ruffians. Thus did those faithful Lovers retire betimes from the Vanities of a treacherous World, they went to a separate Convent and consecrated the remainder of their Days to Religion. Long after this a Letter falling by chance into Eloisa's Hands, that was writ by Abelard to some of his Friends in which he gives them an Account of his unheard of Calamities and Afflictions. This awaken'd all her Tenderness and occasion'd those celebrated Letters which Mr. Pope and all the World will say, do give the most lively Description of the Struggles of Nature,
Vir-

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Virtue and Passion. They died after this and were buried in the Monastery call'd the Paraclete, in the same Tomb or in Monuments adjoining.

I have read Mr. Pope's Letter, and do think it impossible for Fugacity to produce in our Language any thing softer in its kind than that celebrated Epistle. The many gloomy Horrors, and mournful Images work'd up here and there, and soften'd with his all-tender Expressions, make it a Master-piece for succeeding Ages. As I read him with the Pleasure of an Admirer, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate him. If I fail, I greatly fail, my Ambition leading me to imitate one of the finest Pieces of the kind now extant; Nay, if I may have leave to say so, I think it even excels Mr. Prior's Henry to Emma, which did charm the finest Tastes Abroad and at Home. How I have study'd Mr. Pope's Stile, I leave to the Ladies, who are much the properest Judges in those Affairs, and for whom it was chiefly design'd--- If I'm so happy as to be approv'd of by them, Let the rest of the World Censure as they Please, I shall remain still their humble Servant,

---J---D---

Abe-



Abelard to Eloisa.

FROM Shades as deep, and gloomy
as the Bow'rs
Where *Eloisa* spends her thoughtful
Hours,

This melancholy Paper hastes away
From *Abelard*--- far plung'd from painful
Day,
Darkling he mourns the Fate he could not
shun,

And grieves to find such faithful Souls un-
done.

Can *Eloisa* yet disturb a Breast?
Resign'd forever to eternal Rest,
Forbid to harbour any glimpse of Love
But what this Convent dictates from above;
Yes Virtue bad me write her Name and
know

Virtue and Passion both will have it so.

Har-

Harmonious Name ! still musical in Grief,
 Dear fav'rite Sound ! to sooth a short
 Relief,

How hard it is ? Pronounce it, O my
 Tongue,

The Balmy Accent thou hast often wrung,
 When happier Times made *Eloisa* kind,
 And melting Wishes tun'd us to one Mind.
 Now cloister'd up in Solitude she dwells,
 Trims her pale Lamp, and wakes to mid-
 night Bells,

Penfive she sits on the relentless Stone,
 Forever musing, thoughtful, and alone,
 Where awful Darkness aid the fears of
 Night,

And the blue Taper casts a gloomy Light,
 Where solemn Objects lift the rising Soul,
 Teem into Thought and actuate the whole;
 Where Fancy makes the big Ideas strong,
 And Forms imperfect glide away in Song;
 Such odd Impressions will the Mind receive
 When drench'd in Melancholy's table
 Wave.

Mossy and old the ruin'd Dome appears
 Amid the Vale of Misery and Tears.

Ye silent Walks ! Ye ever-lonely Walls !
 Deaf to a Lover and to Nature's calls,
 Ye sacred Cells ! Ye venerable Stones !
 Where *Abelard* in time must lay his Bones,
 Thro' whole dark Cloisters never wander'd
 Light,

Where Houlets scream the Moments of
 the Night, Long

Long-sounding Isles! in which devotion
lies

In Thought conceal'd from all but Hermits
Eyes:

Can Love that tender Passion enter here?

Where Phantoms frown, and Angels learn
to fear,

O never, never, but in Souls like ours
Form'd for this End, familiar to Loves
Pow'rs.

And dost thou Love? Yet burns that fa-
tal Flame?

Or wilt thou ask from whence this Letter
came?

It comes not from the Dead to gain Belief,
To sooth thy Woes or mitigate thy Grief,
No *Eloisa*!----

From *Abelard* it comes, a mournful Guest,
That wants a Lodging in a troubled Breast,
It will not hurt thee--- It will Simpathise,
Fall with thy Bosom, with thy Bosom rise,
Sad as its Author let it tell its Tale,
And when you hear it pity will prevail.

When the Seas rage, and wintry Blasts
complain,

When ratling *Eurus* blows a Hurricane,
In midnight Cell I stretch without a Bed,
Ten thousand Thoughts revolving in my
Head,

One while the Dangers of the stormy deep,
Tho' safe at Land have kept my Eyes from
Sleep,

Now

Now gentle Pity steals upon the Mind
To think of those oppress'd by Sea and
Wind,

Oft have I wonder'd while the Hinges creak
And Trees around the Monastery shake,
What sweet Temptation or what bosom
Wife

Could tempt the Merchant to this kind of
Life,

Now Moralize upon the Shipwreck'd dead
And view the Emblem of that Life we fled,
My weary Eye-balls o'er the Ocean Cast,
Strain at the Horrors of the watry Wast,
Sigh to the whistling Winds and tune my
Woe

To the hoarse Murmurs of the Surge below,
Then from my Soul a Train of Grievs arise,
And the big Tears stand trembling in my
Eyes,

From Woe to Woe, with wild Distraction
tost,

I mourn my *Eloisa*--- ever lost.

Why wilt thou then my *Eloisa* say?

" Can'st thou forget that sad that solemn
Day?

Why with such Doubts upbraid a vestal
Flame,

And think thy *Abelard* but thine in Name;
O wert thou here! which cruel Fate denies,
To read that mournful Softness in those Eyes,

To search those Looks and all the Features
trace,

Of that once known tho' now much alter'd
Face,

Soon wouldst Thou find tho' alter'd in his
Frame

The Heart of *Abelard* was still the same,
Yes--- Thou would see it breaking with de-
spair

And Thou--- not God my *Eloisa* there.

How chang'd thy *Abelard*? how Wan
his Looks?

Pale with continual turning over Books,
The Night now seems a deeper Black to
wear,

And Sound more faintly tingles in my Ear,
The Day looks dull, for 'tis no Day to me,
Depriv'd of all my Soul held dear in thee,
Restless I Rove--- no *Eloisa* here,

To charm my Grief, or drink the falling Tear,
Hush like a Child my beating Heart to rest,
And lull me on the Pillow of her Breast.

No!-- far from hence sad *Eloisa* walks,
With mimic Grief to sportive Eccho talks,
In consecrated Shades forgets her Bloom,
And flies the Palace for the kinder Tomb,
Pleas'd with the gloomy Horror of the Place,
A charming Sadness sits upon her Face,
She eyes the Walls intent upon her Fate,
And smooths the rugged Rocks of Paraclete:
Methinks I see the beauteous Mourner grow
In love with Grief, transported with her
Woe, Her

Her Steps she counts, her bended Head re-
clin'd

Shews her distemper'd Sympathy of Mind.
Full of her self, in solemn Pace she moves,
Buried in thought thro' solitary Groves.---

Now Paradise ascends beneath her Feet,
Fields ever fresh, and Flow'rs for ever sweet,
Angels descend, Divine *Cecilia* sings,
And Seraphs fan her with their silken Wings,
She dies away in sweet oblivious Thought;
And even her *Abelard*--- is now forgot.

Ah no! She wakes, again she sighs, she
mourns,

And the same Round of endless Grief re-
turns,

From her fine Eyes the big round Drops desc-
end,

Form'd by those Suns in wat'ry Diamonds
end,

With fragrant Dew enrich the sacred
Ground,

Perfume her Robe and wet the Fane around.

Oh *Eloisa* Thou eternal Charm!

Soft as thy self, and as thy Person warm,

'Tis thine to come to *Abelard* by right

To sooth his Ravings, and dispel the Night,

Whisper thy World of Cordials to his Mind,

But *Eloisa* is no longer kind.

No longer the kind Goddess of those Hours

That danc'd away in soft *Lutetian* Bow'rs:

Ah fatal Congress! tragically sweet!

When Days were Hours at *Eloisa's* Feet,

These Times were once---but now no more
in Love,

Change *Abelard* this Heaven for that above.

Would Heaven consent! we should together be

To sigh in Consort, grieve in Harmony,
Then should thy Eyes all-red my Passions
move,

Teach mine to weep, as once they taught
to love,

Then should we learn that sad, that moving
air,

More eloquent than Words to tell our fond
delpair,

Then Glutton-like, devour each others
Grief,

No envious Witness by to lend Relief,
There clasp, indulge, in Luxury of Woe,
'Till Face to Face inanimate we grow.

Delusive Thought! oh Vanity in me!
To wish for Things impossible to be,
No *Eloisa*--- Think of former Times,
Of dear, sad, fleeting, inoffensive Crimes,
Crimes that drew down this Vengeance
from above

Unknown to us, all innocent in Love!
Sweetly we ran our then appointed Race,
In Ways of Pleasure, and in Paths of Peace,
I would not mention--- But alas, you'll say,
My *Abelard* is far less kind than they;
Then hear and tremble at this fix'd Decree,
'Tis Heaven that speaks in *Abelard* to thee.

Long

Long Wafts, deep Wilds, an unfrequent,
 ed Space,
 Forbid us e're to see each others Face ;
 And did there not, th' Almighty stands be-
 tween,
 With double Vengeance paints the fright-
 ful Scene,
 An Uncles Blood tho' drunk by thirsty
 Laws,
 Cries out for Vengeance on the guilty Cause,
 Who tho' he merited the Lots of Breath,
 Yet 'twas our Crimes conducted him to
 Death ;
 He fell and falling by a common Hand *
 Declar'd we help'd to spill his vital Sand.
 And see a Lover bound and bleeding lies,
To stain thy Soul and wanton in thy Eyes.
 Say *Eloisa* can no Thought molest
 The dull Tranquillity within thy Breast ?
 Say don't the black Remembrance stab thy
 Heart,
 And drive my Image from that tender Part,
 Oh speak ! does not this Tragedy divine ?
 That *Eloisa* can be never mine.
 It does, it does, too sensibly I fear,
 To leave us any Hopes beyond despair.
 And Thou fair Penitent ! Thou mourn-
 ing Bride !
 Lost to thy self and all the World beside,

* He was Executed at *Paris* by the common Hang-
 man, for his Cruelties on *Abelard*, whom he caus'd to
 be dismember'd : See *Boheir*.

Say did I once one Agony impart,
 Say could you feel the Motions of my
 Heart?

Even in that sad, that solemn Hour of
 Grief, *

When *Eloisa* wanted most Relief,
 When the soft Musick mourn'd in Strain
 divine,

And *Eloisa* was no longer mine.

Sad as Thou wer't all beautifully Gay,
 Drest for the fatal Business of the Day,
 I found some Consolation in my Breath,
 That both were going to eternal Rest.

When Floods of Glory burst upon our Eyes
 And open'd all the Pomp of Sacrifice.

With irresistible Devotion fir'd,
 How was my Soul harmoniously inspir'd!
 When thro' the Throng by ev'ry Soul be-
 lov'd,

Thou urg'd thy Way, Thy self alone un-
 mov'd,

What Sighs were heard! what Sorrows did
 not flow,

To see so young a Sacrifice to Woe:

When Heaven, above, below was in my
 Eye,

A thousand times that Hour I wish'd to die,
 So absolutely had my Soul forgot

Those Vanities we both so dearly bought:

* At her receiving the Veil.

But oh ! when once we came to separate,
There lay the Blow, the deadly Blow of
Fate,

With ease I bad delusive Friends adieu,
Could part with all, with all the World
but you ;

Yet even this thy *belard* at last,
Was forc'd to prove to finish the Repast.

Consummate Drought ! O Dregs of bitter
Care !

Drain'd to the Bottom, muddy with despair,
So thick that *Abelard* may well suppose

They were the very Grounds of all his
Woes.

Yet still he writes, endeavours still to join
Tale to sad Tale, nor shall it all be thine,
A little Sorrow *Abelard* must have

To lay him gently in the silent Grave :

That Port of Calms, that Pallad of the
Blest,

Where the poor Lab'rer lays him down to
Rest ;

Here is no hurry, Virgins seldom fear

The Loss of Man or Reputation here,

No broken Faith, no Vows, no Fears, no
Groans,

Disturb the awful Quiet of those Bones,

In Peace they rest, here wait their final
Doom,

And look for Day-light in a World to come.

Inchant-

Inchanting State ! where Solitude can please
 Even in the Dust, and all the Worlds at ease,
 Where wretched Lovers after Troubles
 meet,

And dream of nothing in a winding Sheet,
 Tho' hard the Bed is, found they slumber
 there,

Wearied of Life and jaded out with Care.

Oh *Eloisa* ! sweet as *Sharon's* Rose !

How fatal have I been to thy Repose,

Unhappy *Abelard* thy Hand restrain,

Nor write what may give *Eloisa* Pain.

This, even this, tho' slight for ought you
 know,

May cause those Tears, those precious Tears
 to flow.

The soft Remembrance may disturb that
 Breast,

Where thou hast dwelt a long a stubborn
 Guest,

Then why would'st thou awake the slum-
 bering Mind,

To think of Moments cruelly unkind ?

Why would'st thou such ungen'rous Acts
 pursue

'As grieving her that sigh'd so long for you.

'Tis time to rest, Ah give her that Repose,

And let Oblivion rest upon her Woes.



F I N I S.

